

Maid, Wife or Widow?



By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER III.

And there was a pause, the young lady composedly tracing the leaves of a rose, part of which already glowed on the silken screen she was working, while Steinhausen raked his brain for some fresh topic by means of which he might relieve his curiosity and ingratiate himself.

She was dreadfully provoking; and the irresistible, amused smile which crept over her lips as the silence continued seemed as if she was aware of his difficulties.

"The gnadiges Fraulein is a lover of the dumb creature she cares for so kindly," he said, at length.

"I could not resist watching you this evening as you stood in the Hof-vor-der and fed your pigeons."

"You did?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I trust I may be forgiven, Gnädige Frau—Fraulein or Frau?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Whichever you like," she returned, unmoved.

"But, pardon me, I should like to give you your proper title."

"It is of no consequence," she said, slowly, as she threaded her needle.

"Your accuracy or your error are alike to me, while to-morrow you will ride away, and the memory of your passing curiosity will have faded before you reach your next quarters."

Without raising her eyes she worked steadily on.

"But I shall not ride away to-morrow, nor perhaps the day after," cried Steinhausen, impetuously; "and if my memory is to retain nothing of the interesting hours I have spent under your hospitable roof, do you imply that yours will be more enduring?"

"Much more," said Lies, pausing as she drew out a long thread.

"I shall always retain a most vivid recollection of your visit, and those of your fellow-soldiers who preceded you."

She spoke emphatically, looking up straight into his eyes with an effort to be grave, while a slight but mischievous smile would steal into the dimples of her cheek.

"I understand, Fraulein," replied Steinhausen, charmed, yet surprised and nettled by the spirit with which she answered.

He desisted soft, sentimental women, yet resented self-assertion, with the consistency common to men in other countries besides Germany.

"A painful impression is not so easily shaken off."

"No reply."

"I mean, gnädige Frau, that the mortification of receiving Prussian soldiers leaves its mark."

"But may I not urge, that, being by the accident of birth and circumstances one of these unfortunates, could I, with any sense of honor, decline to serve my king, my government?"

"And, being ordered here, am I to blame for forcing myself upon your reluctant hospitality?"

He spoke in a wounded tone.

"It is true," said Lies, gravely.

"Perhaps I am unjust."

"But, Herr Rittmeister, imagine your sisters, your wife, your mother, forced to receive Saxon soldiers, as we are to receive yours."

"No stretch of my imagination could depict such a state of things," he returned, with a slight laugh, which brought the quick, eloquent blood to Lies's cheek.

"But if such an event could happen, and I had mother, sister, or wife, which I have not, they would, I am sure, be less unkind, less cruel than you are."

"Cruel! Pooh! That is a large word for a little fruitless, worldly animosity."

"There is animosity, then? You allow it?"

"How could it be otherwise?" cried Lies, throwing down her work, "when your unnecessary ambition has caused the sorrow and impoverishment of a whole people, the suffering of those dearer to us than our own lives, the loss often of all that makes life worth living—"

not—must not—speak; it is quite forbidden!"

She spoke with much agitation, and letting her work case fall, stooped to pick up the contents.

"I dare not infringe your order, gnädige Frau," said Steinhausen, with profound respect, while he built up a little mental historiette of an unhappy marriage, a separation, a possible divorce, and deriving an odd sort of satisfaction from the idea.

"Your words suggest strange, painful ideas. Prussian foe though I be, and rugged, perhaps, by nature, there is something in your voice, your eyes, your whole being, that touches a rarely awakened cord of feeling in my innermost soul, that compels me with a force I cannot resist."

"Herr Rittmeister," said the cheer, kindly voice of the Gerichtsamtman, "I am but this moment free; will you not join your comrades and myself on the veranda?"

"Let us do our best to heal old wounds and drink to the prosperity of the great Deutscher Vaterland."

He waved his hand toward Burchard and Von Plantitz, who might be seen very comfortably seated by the table above mentioned.

"Well said, my good sir," returned the Rittmeister, heartily; "yours is true patriotism."

He looked at Lies as he spoke; she courted slightly and walked toward the door.

Steinhausen moved quickly and opened it for her, and while the active little magistrate was occupied in turning down the lamp, whispered:

"May I never hope to have the mystery which interests, distracts me, solved?"

"Perhaps," was the reply, with a sweet smile and downcast eyes.

"Some day—when I am presented at Berlin," and she passed away down the corridor.

"Does the Herr Rittmeister play whist?" asked Herr Ghering, who had rummaged out and was dexterously shuffling a pack of cards.

"Yes, it is a good game," he replied, mechanically, while he repeated to himself: "Berlin! then probably the husband is Prussian? That may account for her hatred of us. But no, he has a Saxon uniform."

CHAPTER IV.

Long and profound repose effected little toward blunting the keen edge of the Rittmeister's curiosity and interest.

After the first moments of waking, with their puzzled wonder as to where he was and how he got there, he sprang up, alert, and eager to get through his duties and resume his investigations.

The rigid and punctual Karl presented himself with an unmistakable expression of importance on his wooden face, but Steinhausen nearly finished dressing in silence.

At last, after answering some trivial question, he found an opportunity of displaying his zeal and intelligence.

"Himmel! Herr Rittmeister. Folks here are short-spoken and gruff; they have no manners at all. So soon as the gnädige Herr had to supper gone I went to the kitchen, and says I to the cook:

"You have a good, kindly Herrschaffen here, and a beautiful house, and excellent eating. It is heavenly to bide here after the hardships yonder."

"I thought it best to speak the 'alte Hexe' fair"—here he delivered such a rusty wistly wink (if such an expression be permitted) at his master that Steinhausen thought he would never recover "eyes right" again.

"With that, Frau Kochin gave a sort of a grunt and says:

"That I believe; and I wish our own poor fellows were having the good of it instead of you."

"Well," began Steinhausen, intending to stop the flow of his eloquence; but it was not every day that the string of Karl's tongue was loosed, and, besides, he thought his master was only eager for more information.

"Mit Erlaubnis, Herr Rittmeister," he went on.

"I then said how 'schon' the young Fraulein was, and asked if the eldest was not married, but not a word did she answer—no more than if she were stone deaf—just looking as sour and yellow as the 'Gurken' she was laying in a dish.

"Presently she dropped a big spoon, so with much politeness I picked it up for her; then she did grunt out 'Danke'."

"I says 'Bitte sehr,' and thinking I had made her a trifle more friendly, asked very pleasantly:

"What did you say the young lady's husband's name was? thinking to lead her on; but no; she turned round sharp, quite vicious like, as if she would spit at me; and says she:

"I never said nothing about it! What is it to you or your master either who she is or how she is called? She wouldn't take any notice of a Prussian were he even a prince in your greedy country."

"And with that she bit me a rap on the side of the head with the very spoon I had picked up for the old Hexe, and what more could—"

"True, true," cried Steinhausen, laughing. "I think you have acted with amazing tact; but Karl—"

"Ay, Herr Rittmeister—I can—"

"You can do nothing more, Schatzkopf," said his master, impatiently.

Sorely disappointed at the result of his severe and unwanted mental exertion, Karl, after a moment's hesitation, disappeared.

Some totally new spring of feeling made the idea of a common man's coarse inquiries concerning Lies insupportable to Steinhausen.

There was something indescribable about this Saxon girl or woman, the sort of magic

"Which warns the touch while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most repels."

However, Steinhausen was no boy yielding to the force of a first passion; he was quite capable of putting aside the sudden potent whim which had seized him, and throwing himself heartily into his morning task of inspection, the ordinary duty of regimental parade, as if no such fascinating creature existed.

But these duties over, he galloped back to the villa, on fire with impatience, to renew the conversation of the previous night, which had possessed such a tantalizing charm, and in which he flattered himself he had after all, made not so bad an impression on his sweet antagonist.

He stopped, after dismounting, to permit the well-trained Karl to brush the dust of his early demerch from his garments and permit his junior officers to join him.

They found "Fruhstuck" laid in the veranda.

The meal, which corresponds with our luncheon, was plentifully set forth—cold partridge, fruit omelette, coffee and some long-necked, tempting bottles; beside the table sat Frau Ghering knitting, and at the farthest end of the veranda stood Clarchen, playing "cup and ball" with much dexterity.

A quiet "good-day" from the lady of the house, profound bows from the Prussian officers, and the latter seated themselves at table, while Clarchen came forward with shy pleasure, yet visible reluctance, the result of mingled joy in the unusual excitement of such visitors, and patriotic resentment at having to entertain them.

After the kindly old German fashion, she assisted Daisy to wait upon the guests, and even forgot herself so far as to make sprightly rejoinders to the young Fahrnick and Burchard.

But there was no sign of Lies.

Indeed, Burchard had asked Frau Ghering politely for her "Fraulein Tochter," and was answered that she was "quite well, but always busy."

At last, the excessive demands of the Fahrnick upon the sugar basin exhausted the supply, seeing which Frau Ghering told Clarchen to fetch some more.

"I will go to Lies for the key-basket," she replied, and peeping into the salon, exclaimed:

"Ah! she is there; Lies, Lies!"

Whereupon Steinhausen's eyes were at last rejoiced and satisfied by the object they longed for.

As she stepped into the veranda in answer to her sister's call, the Rittmeister's doubts as to her being married or single became almost certainty. She looked so deliciously matronly in a black and white morning wrapper, and a small, delicately white muslin cap, with black ribbons, a lace cravat tied around her neck, and fastened with a miniature brooch, the miniature of that commonplace-looking fellow whose portrait disgraced the Rittmeister's room.

The guests rose and greeted her with deferential bows, which she accepted with a pretty, gentle staidness that went well with her air and costume; but Steinhausen noticed, as she turned to speak to her mother, that on one side of her cap was pinned a small green and white rosette.

"A piece of silent defiance," thought Steinhausen, but he only uttered a polite "good morning," and drew forward a chair near to his own.

She acknowledged his civility with a slight courtesy, and selecting a bunch of keys from the numbers in her basket, gave them to her sister, who disappeared with an air of great impatience.

"May I offer the 'gnädige Frau' some coffee?" asked Lieutenant Burchard.

Frau Ghering looked up quickly at the speaker.

"I thank you," returned Lies, "I breakfasted an hour ago. I hope you have all you require, gentlemen?"

"All that we require, certainly, and more than we deserve," said the Rittmeister, smiling.

"Will you not give us the pleasure of your company at the table?"

St. Paul's Island Park. Dr. Justus Ohage became, a few years ago, health officer of St. Paul. He noticed a bit of shoal in the Mississippi, visible only when the river was low, but accessible within ten minutes' ride from the City Hall. Securing possession, by gift, of as much as he could, and by purchase of what he could not beg, he had the city's clean waste dumped upon this little island, thus rapidly bringing it above high-water mark. On the four and a half acres thus ingeniously wrested from the "Father of the Waters," the city of St. Paul now maintains, within easy reach of a majority of its population, a vegetable garden (to support the forty uniformed attendants), public baths, with modern sterilizing plants for the bathing suits, a day nursery, a boy's gymnasium and a girl's gymnasium—and all united by a small but satisfactory park.—The World's Work.

A New Sunshine Recorder. The new Dawson-Lauder sunshine recorder consists of a drum on which silver chloride paper is fastened under a film of celluloid, says the London Globe. An outer cover is rotated by clockwork in twenty-four hours, and a narrow slit is thus directed to the sun. A hood protects the slit from diffused light, and allows an error of about half an hour in the clock before sunlight is cut off from the slit. The drum with the sensitive paper travels along the axis of the cylinder, so that the record of a number of days is obtained, one below the other. The chloride of silver paper makes possible a standard of intensity of sunshine which can be reproduced. The same size of paper is employed at all seasons, and the instrument can be used in polar as well as temperate latitudes.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Ginger Bread.

Cream one cup of butter with one cup of brown sugar, add four well-beaten eggs, one cup of sour cream and one cup of molasses. Stir well and add one level teaspoon of soda dissolved in another of hot water; then stir in four cups of flour sifted with half a level teaspoon of salt and a level tablespoon of yellow ginger. Bake in one large sheet.

Delicate Cabbage.

Remove all defective leaves, quarter and cut for coarse slaw, cover well with cold water and let remain several hours before cooking, then drain and put into pot with enough boiling water to cover; boil until thoroughly cooked (which will generally require about forty-five minutes). Add salt ten or fifteen minutes before removing from fire, and, when done, take up into a colander, press out the water well and season with butter and pepper, or with a cream dressing poured over it.

Tomato Jelly Salad.

Take the contents of a quart can of prime tomatoes and add one small sliced onion, six cloves (if preferred, the cloves can be omitted), one-half a cupful of finely chopped celery, and boil for half an hour; then strain, season to taste with salt and a dash of paprika, and then add one-third of a box of gelatine dissolved in a little of the boiling liquid; pour into small cups (after dinner cups are a good size), and set away to cool. When ready to use turn out of the cups on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve with thick mayonnaise poured over it.

Lady-Fingers.

Beat together until very light ten eggs and one pound of powdered sugar. Sift and stir in slowly a pound and an eighth of flour, with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Then, with a funnel of strong brown paper, lay the mixture out upon paper lined (but not greased) in strips three inches long and half an inch thick; sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake a light brown in a quick oven. When cool, brush over the under side of the paper with water, remove the cakes and join them in pairs, back to back. Serve with ice cream, or other ices.

Egplantine.

Heat to boiling point three pints of clear white stock (veal or chicken), season with a teaspoonful and a half of salt, four shakes of white pepper and a teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg. Add spinach extract to tint to a rich green, and serve on shallow plates with snowball garnish. To make the last named, beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, add a cupful of whipped cream, a pinch of salt, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Shape into balls with two dessert spoons and place gently on each portion of soup, which must be boiling hot.

Cream of Carrot.

Use the red or outer part of the carrot cut in slices or cubes and cook until tender. Press through a sieve and add two cups of the puree add two cups of stock and season with salt and pepper, a little onion juice, and heat together. Now add hot thin cream enough to thicken it, using about two cups, or use milk and thicken with a level tablespoon of flour rubbed smooth with two level tablespoons of butter. Cook five minutes and serve. The carrot must be very fine after rubbing through the wire strainer of fine mesh, otherwise the soup will not be as delicate.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If pies stew in the oven put a tin plate under them, thus keeping the oven clean.

Save your feet by using a pad to stand on while working; also keep a footstool handy.

A lamp wick will give a brighter, stronger flame if the end in the oil is frayed out for an inch.

If you have some tins to mend and have no acid handy, use vinegar instead; it will work all right.

When rugs show a decided tendency to curl at the corners, sew an L shaped piece of buckram to the under side.

One who has tried it says scraped raw potato will relieve ear sickness. It is also a satisfactory remedy for burns.

Unused table linen should be washed at least once a year, thoroughly dried and refolded to prevent yellowing and rotting where the folds are.

A hand plate of glass rather than brass on doors finished in white enamel will preserve the white effect and protect the finish equally well.

If tincture of iodine is instantly applied where carbolic acid has touched the flesh, no blister will result. The iodine should be applied with a feather.

Be content with honest toil. The man who is continually playing the get-rich-quick schemes may have a full pocketbook to-day, but it will be gone to-morrow.

Plainly colored toilet soaps are apt to be purest, and, like laundry soap, it is advantageous to buy in quantity to make sure it is absolutely cured before using.

What a difference there is in women about doing housework! Some go about it so quietly and make every move count. Others—well, they don't. That's the difference.

To bleach handkerchiefs: After washing, let them soak over night in water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved. This will make them as white as snow.

The galvanized iron tubs can be cleaned by scrubbing with hot vinegar and soda, allowing the mixture to remain on for a time, then wash in hot strong soapuds and wipe dry.

Where knobs from coffee pot, teakettle and lids have fallen off, a substitute saving many a burn is easily put in place by a large or medium sized cork on top into which a slender screw is driven from below.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

"When Christ Was Here."

Can it be so
That God would leave our Saviour go
And leave His children so shut in
By a half built wall of real sin?

"When Christ was here."
"Oh, can it be
That He walks no more on Galilee?
My saddened heart sends the refrain,
"When, oh when, will He come again?"
—Ram's Horn.

Divine Yearning For Human Fellowship.

Behold I stand at the door and knock—
Rev. iii. 20.

Many a heart was borne in with over-powering emphasis while standing before Holman Hunt's famous painting, "The Light of the World," in Keble College, Oxford. It holds the secret of the pre-emption of the conception is startling, but the more it is pondered the clearer does it become that it expresses the very heart of religion.

If the Bible and religious experience mean anything they spell out the truth that God yearns to enter into human life. The very idea of the Bible is that it is a revelation from God. Being a revelation He must have taken the initiative. That can only mean that He desired to communicate with man. And since the message is one of hope and cheer it can only mean a desire for human fellowship. We commonly think of two things in religion, the yearning of man for God and the yearning of God for man. "Deep calleth unto deep." But in the final analysis the divine yearning is the deeper and is the source of the other, just as the sea is the source of the rivers that flow toward it.

"We love Him because He first loved us." And no real explanation of religion can be found which omits the deepest of all religious facts.

Our difficulty in appropriating this truth is due to pagan misconceptions of God which still survive in Christian thought. Why should it be strange, after all, that the loving Father should seek to have fellowship with His children? Fellowship does not necessarily mean the equal exchange of being with being. The mother has sweet, satisfying fellowship with the child, when all the response it can give to the mother's love and earnestness and care is a smile or a tear or a babe's caress. But you say she looks forward to the time when, having developed, heart and mind shall answer to heart and mind.

But are not children, in part and loving only in part—yet children on the way to manhood and womanhood? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like Him."

The acceptance of this truth in the past and the world has been enriched beyond measure. The explanation of the nobility of the preach of human life is that God yearns to have fellowship with man. It is in this, Paul says, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." The great element which has made for high achievements. We might enlarge the roll call of the eleven chapters of Hebrews even down to the present time, and the refrain would be the same: "The man gave forth, but the serpent had him entirely in its power, and with one tightening of its body crushed the life out of its victim."

This illustrates the drink habit as well as anything I ever heard of. So I would like to you that have never started, don't begin, and to those that have begun, stop before it is too late.—Frank C. Cooper, in Mich. Christian Advocate.

The Cure by Hypnotism.

That alcoholism in Russia is widely treated with success by hypnotism is asserted by the writer of a note in Cosmopolitan. The method has been adopted in Government institutions, and it is believed that the peculiar susceptibility of the Russians to this mode of treatment is largely responsible for its good effects. Says the writer:

The cure of alcoholism by means of hypnotism is the order of the day. Recently Dr. Legrain communicated to the Society of Hypnotology and Psychology some very interesting information regarding the treatment of alcoholics by hypnotism in Russia. He has been in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Jaroslavl, Kieff, Saratoff and Astrakhan, there have been established for several years, under Government auspices, dispensaries to which the suffering are sent during the period of their treatment. The principal, if not the sole, curative agent is the will of the alcoholic who desire sincerely to be cured, and that they abstain from all alcoholic beverages during the period of treatment. This is perhaps to ask of them a colossal effort, since their will power has generally been destroyed, but they are obliged to accept a continual surveillance, and it is the duty of the physician to create conditions of life as much as possible. These means succeed very well in Russia, but as has often been remarked, the French drinker is much less tractable, and it is only by the use of the electric current to last for a long enough time to effect a lasting cure. It is none the less true that at the present time hypnotism is almost the sole means of cure for alcoholic madness. Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Liquor and Divorce.

Divorce lawyers and judges of the courts that decide divorce cases agree that drunkenness is responsible for full half the divorces in this country. At least 75 per cent. of these cases might rightfully be charged to drink, but that proportion is enough to arouse us to the fact that the liquor traffic must be put down if we are to drive out the drunkenness which is evil from our State. One lawyer says the poor woman with a family to support whose husband comes home drunk, smashes the furniture, frightens his family nearly to death and does nothing for their support, ought to have a divorce. But would it not be vastly better to keep drink away from the husband, or put him to work behind bars, earning something for the support of himself and family.—Indiana Farmer.

A Confession.

A minister once asked: saloonkeeper, says the American Issue, if his conscience ever troubled him respecting his business. The man said, "Come inside sir." It was the middle of the day, there was no one else usual customer about. My friend walked in. The grog seller went behind his bar, and leaning on it, said: "Reverend sir, there are times when I stand behind this bar and look down at the men who fill this room. I hear their blasphemy and I see their faces. I see their fighting and misconduct, and I often say to myself, 'If there is a picture of hell or earth, it is in places like this.'"

Horse Hospital.

Pens have been completed for the veterinary hospitals to be built at army posts where are stationed cavalry or artillery troops. The hospitals will not be called such in the official communications relating to the structure. They will be known as stables for the treatment of sick and injured animals. This is to enable the War Department to construct the buildings, which may do so, in the provision for stables, there being no fund allotted for veterinary hospitals, so called. The hospital stables have had every attention as to detail, and are expected to result in such usefulness.

A Queer Theory.

Edward Beckham, an educated New York City longshoreman, has a theory that a man is a plant upside down, his hair and beard grow from the top of his head and beard grow and live bareheaded out of doors he can defy consumption.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Saloon is the Antechamber of the Workhouse, Chapel of Ease to the Asylum, Recruiting Station to the Hospital.

Mr. John Burns, M. P., addressed a large meeting in Manchester, on the subject of "The Saloon and the Workhouse." The lecturer was one of the Lees and Roper Memorial lectures.

Mr. Burns said that the drinking habits of the poorer classes had contributed to the political and industrial backwardness, civic inferiority and domestic misery. As one-bred almost in the slums, who had watched the matter as a county councillor and a legislator, he was convinced on the subject. He described the public house as the antechamber of the workhouse, the chapel of ease to the asylum, the recruiting station to the hospital, the rendezvous for the gambler, the gathering ground for the jail. There was no compensation in drink.

Dealing with the figures of the money spent in drink, while deploring the immense amount spent in evening entertainments, he answered a recent critic by pointing out that two-thirds of the drink bill was spent by three-quarters of the population, and only half the amount per head was taken by the working classes. He was taken by the classes above them. But whether the expenditure was £4 per family or £15 per family, working people could not afford it. As to drink and trade, he pointed out that the industrial revolution was taken by the classes above them. But whether the expenditure was £4 per family or £15 per family, working people could not afford it. As to drink and trade, he pointed out that the industrial revolution was taken by the classes above them.

He concluded a vigorous tirade against drink as the source of all evil by declaring that poverty caused drink as much as drink caused poverty, and by declaring himself dead against municipalization as a remedy. It would cause drinking to become a civic virtue and to be regarded as local patriotism.—London Times.

The Serpent of Drink.

Whenever the serpent of strong drink coils itself around a man he is sure to go if he does not stop short, face about and let it alone.

About seventeen years ago I had the pleasure of hearing George W. Bain, of Kentucky, lecture, and it changed the course of my life. I had been drinking home I must get out the drink. So I did, to save a little money. I thank my lucky star for a warning in time. So I warn you, my brother; stop before it is too late. I have heard accounts of men who, ten or twenty years ago, went from England to the jungles of Africa with an exploring party, and while there caught a young boa constrictor, and for amusement he used to stretch his spare time teaching his snake to do many wonderful things. One day the snake itself about his feet and around his body, and as it grew to full size it reached about his head and would curve over and kiss his face, and at a signal would drop to the ground and bite him. He was used to give exhibitions and became very popular and made money, and with that formed the habit of drinking. One night he was to give an exhibition in Manchester. The serpent of drink was in his jugle. A traveler came in view from one side of the stage and stopped and listened and stood spellbound. Then a rustle was heard as of the stealthy moving of some heavy object. Presently the serpent of drink, the head of great snake with eyes like balls of fire, and it crept softly to the man and would itself about him, up and over, and brought its head in line with his face. The man gave a start, but the serpent had him entirely in its power, and with one tightening of its body crushed the life out of its victim.

This illustrates the drink habit as well as anything I ever heard of. So I would like to you that have never started, don't begin, and to those that have begun, stop before it is too late.—Frank C. Cooper, in Mich. Christian Advocate.

The Cure by Hypnotism.

That alcoholism in Russia is widely treated with success by hypnotism is asserted by the writer of a note in Cosmopolitan. The method has been adopted in Government institutions, and it is believed that the peculiar susceptibility of the Russians to this mode of treatment is largely responsible for its good effects. Says the writer:

The cure of alcoholism by means of hypnotism is the order of the day. Recently Dr. Legrain communicated to the Society of Hypnotology and Psychology some very interesting information regarding the treatment of alcoholics by hypnotism in Russia. He has been in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Jaroslavl, Kieff, Saratoff and Astrakhan, there have been established for several years, under Government auspices, dispensaries to which the suffering are sent during the period of their treatment. The principal, if not the sole, curative agent is the will of the alcoholic who desire sincerely to be cured, and that they abstain from all alcoholic beverages during the period of treatment. This is perhaps to ask of them a colossal effort, since their will power has generally been destroyed, but they are obliged to accept a continual surveillance, and it is the duty of the physician to create conditions of life as much as possible. These means succeed very well in Russia, but as has often been remarked, the French drinker is much less tractable, and it is only by the use of the electric current to last for a long enough time to effect a lasting cure. It is none the less true that at the present time hypnotism is almost the sole means of cure for alcoholic madness. Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Liquor and Divorce.

Divorce lawyers and judges of the courts that decide divorce cases agree that drunkenness is responsible for full half the divorces in this country. At least 75 per cent. of these cases might rightfully be charged to drink, but that proportion is enough to arouse us to the fact that the liquor traffic must be put down if we are to drive out the drunkenness which is evil from our State. One lawyer says the poor woman with a family to support whose husband comes home drunk, smashes the furniture, frightens his family nearly to death and does nothing for their support, ought to have a divorce. But would it not be vastly better to keep drink away from the husband, or put him to work behind bars, earning something for the support of himself and family.—Indiana Farmer.

A Confession.

A minister once asked: saloonkeeper, says the American Issue, if his conscience ever troubled him respecting his business. The man said, "Come inside sir." It was the middle of the day, there was no one else usual customer about. My friend walked in. The grog seller went behind his bar, and leaning on it, said: "Reverend sir, there are times when I stand behind this bar and look down at the men who fill this room. I hear their blasphemy and I see their faces. I see their fighting and misconduct, and I often say to myself, 'If there is a picture of hell or earth, it is in places like this.'"

Horse Hospital.

Pens have been completed for the veterinary hospitals to be built at army posts where are stationed cavalry or artillery troops. The hospitals will not be called such in the official communications relating to the structure. They will be known as stables for the treatment of sick and injured animals. This is